

The Love Romance of the Richest Duke in the British Empire.

Exiled to South Africa for love of ss Sheila West, becomes Duke Westminster with \$4,000,000 a year while Boer bullets fly around him.

THE South African war has brought to light the romance in the life of the young Viscount Belgrave, successor, by the death of his grandfather last week, to the splendid title and vast estates of the Duke of Westminster.

He is an exile by the stern decree of a stern grandparent—an exile to South Africa because it was discovered that he had fallen in love with Sheila West, the lovely daughter of a lovely mother.

The women of the house of Cornwallis West are renowned for their beauty. This is not a fame gained from the newspaper paragrapher who, in the pursuit of his craft, paints all women of noble birth in glowing pictures.

Their beauty is matter of history substantiated by their conquests. Away back it became famous when the Lady Olivia Fitz Patrick, mother of Mrs. Cornwallis West, fascinated that paragon of virtue, the late Prince Consort, husband of Queen Victoria.

Mrs. Cornwallis West made herself irresistible to the Prince of Wales, whose wide taste in the charms of the fair sex has been proved by the variety of his choice.

Then came her daughter, the Princess Henry of Pless, who wrought havoc in the heart of the Duke of York, eldest son of the Prince of Wales.

And now the youngest daughter, Sheila, has won the heart of the richest man in England, the young Duke of Westminster. She has carried out the traditions of her house.

His suitors have always been selected from the kingdom's finest. By the death of his grandfather, young Belgrave is Duke and Marquis of Westminster, Earl Grosvenor, Viscount Belgrave, Baron Grosvenor of Eaton and a baronet.

But in addition to his titles he will have wealth literally beyond the dreams of avarice. The late Duke reluctantly admitted an income of \$4,000,000 a year. He owned miles of houses in the very heart of London, in Grosvenor place, in Belgrave square, in Eaton square and in Ebury street. All these great estates will pass to his grandson. Besides he will have vast properties in Cheshire, Berkshire and Flint, Scotland. Mr. William Waldorf Astor's estate of Cliveden-on-the-Thames was bought from the late Duke for one million dollars.

But why talk thus sordidly of dollars and cents and titles when the heart of one of the loveliest girls in Merrie England, given to what our grandmothers would surely have called "a likely young man," furnishes us with a romance.

By his world young Belgrave is described as a very decent youngster. He is studious and as yet no particular vices have been ascribed to him.

Now, in spite of his absence—his absence—he is discussed in the columns of the newspapers in the same way as if he were a common man. He is discussed in the same way as if he were a common man.

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eyes and divided her attention among a dozen swains who crowded to do her homage, had planned the attack which should ensue. By heritage, as the sons of military men fall naturally into the conduct of war, the maiden may be credited with an understanding of the art of flirtation. She drew back, they say, while she impelled. The secrets of the women of the house of West were hers while yet in her teens. That they led her to victory is proved.

The young Viscount's passion grew by what it fed on.

His attachment, known first only to himself, came while yet young to the knowledge of the girl. He spent hours in the way young lovers have recounting to her the jealous intensity of it.

Not yet of age, he feared the hour when he might call her his would be delayed by the stern and foolish prejudices of parents. These are both, it must be remembered, young people of the world. They had been bred upon certain convictions, certain decrees inexorable as fate. These prompted them to guard their courtship yet a little while.

So we may imagine them in their first days blissfully happy, as might be any couple not hampered by ties and conventions.

But love, like murder, will out. It is too much to ask of a boy and girl not yet of age that they should hide the convulsions of their hearts and dim the radiant light in their eyes.

All London presently talked of the love affair of young Belgrave and Sheila West. It became known to the young man's mother, now the wife of George Wyndham, M. P. Like all mothers who have sons, she looked upon hers as still a boy. Matrimony seemed to her out of the question, a matter to be spoken of, thought of, perhaps, in five years or more.

She communicated the "foolish boy's" whim to his grandfather, the Duke of Westminster.

A scene followed. The nature of it crept out though it was held behind closed doors.

The old Duke, forgetful doubtless of his own love affairs, would have none of his grandson's yet. He set his foot down, the gouty foot of seventy-four. He made all sorts of threats. And, finding these might be disregarded, he pleaded. The boy was of his own flesh and blood. He could not be driven as he drove his horses.

So they sat down to reason the matter out together.

There could be no objection to Sheila West's family. It is an old and distinguished one, directly descended from King Henry III. of England. Her grandmother, Lady Olivia Fitzpatrick, was the daughter of a great Irish nobleman, and her father is Colonel Cornwallis West, an English landlord with large landed estates, chiefly in North Wales, and a descendant of the Plantagenets.

This wonderful family of flirts was doubtless descended from generation to generation, their escapades enumerated and exaggerated.

Whatever the grandmother might have done, whatever indiscretions the mother may have been guilty of, though the Princess of Pless may have allowed the tongue of scandal to wrap her about as in a flame of fire, Sheila West was adored.

It was, the young man maintained, a question of her and of no other. What cared he for the vagaries and unsentimentalities of her grandmother, or her mother, or her sister? Her gray eyes, her rosy lips, her dulcet tones, her Irish wit should be those of his wife with parental and grandparental permission, or without it.

So at last the powerful Duke of Westminster, he who could control tenantry for miles, who could bestow upon his daughter on her marriage with the libertine son of the Duke of Teck \$1,000,000, he who has won the Derby four times by the excellence of the mightiest stud in all England, yielded conditionally.

The marriage should not be yet. Sheila West might have all the virtues that were not given to her grandmother, or mother, or sister, and none of their failings; she might be such a creature as never before had been seen by the eyes of man, but the old Duke insisted they were both too young. He not yet twenty-one, and she, why be ungallant enough to ask the age of a woman when she is young enough to be beautiful?

Her enemies say that she is by three or four years young Belgrave's senior. Her friends deny this. They say, too, that she is not fliriting, but has fallen deeply in love.

Imagine, then, what her suffering must have been when finally the full terms of the conditions upon which she might hope to wed peacefully were made known to her.

Young Belgrave, with all the tender care of a lover, spoke to her first of separation for a few months, then of reunion. Gradually he told her he was going to South Africa to fight for his country, to win honor for her sake.

Of course, he assured her there was no danger; that he was merely going, as he did, to Cape Town as aide-de-camp to Sir Alfred Milner. But she knew well the sort of man he is; that if there was fighting he would somehow get to the thick of it, and be no more content to stop in the background than any other Englishman she trembled, as would any girl,

though she would not have him otherwise. It is easy to fancy the parting; how she tried to keep back from her sunny Irish eyes the tears that would gather there; how she tried to be brave and to hide the trembling of her rosy lips; how she forced her voice to be firm.

Well, somehow they said good-by, as other men and women less in the public eye have said it before them, and will say it after them as long as the world lasts.

The annals of the Boer war have not been such as to bring comfort to the young girl waiting at home for her lover. The world sympathizes with Sheila West and the young man who became last week by the death of his stern old grandfather the Duke of Westminster.

Will he hurry home now to claim his bride?

No one believes that he will return until the war is won, and he may be among the thousands who never will return.

If he does the prospects of the young couple will become brilliant enough to dazzle many heads wiser and set upon older shoulders.

They will come into possession of the great town house in Grosvenor square, with its magnificent picture gallery, the famous collection begun by Richard, first Earl of Grosvenor. They will doubtless divide their time, as has been traditional in the family, between this splendid London house and Eaton Hall, the great undertaking of the late Duke's life.

Mystery of "Who Bored the Holes?"

THE town of Montville, Ohio, has a mystery on its hands that is quite as deep and impenetrable as the poisoning and cutting-to-pieces murder mysteries of New York and other large cities.

About two weeks ago it was found that in all the houses on the main residence street of Montville anger holes had been bored.

Besides this curious coincidence, the anger hole in each case was bored through the outer wall of a bedroom, and in most cases near the head of a bed.

It was only a short time ago that an old couple named Brown were robbed of their pension money and some clothing. The Browns say they were chloroformed. Two borings were made at Brown's. It is held by many of the Montville people that there is an organized gang of robbers operating in the vicinity, and that they intended to spray chloroform or some other sleep-producing drug into the sleeping rooms through these mysterious holes, and then work at their leisure.

The holes are made by a sharp three-eighths-inch bit, operated by a spiral draw bit stock. The bit was carefully waxed, to avoid making a noise. The bit was a specially made one, as some of the holes measured a depth of eleven inches. All shavings had been carefully removed. The holes are bored on the under edge of the floorboard, on a level with the window sill, and cannot be seen without kneeling down and looking up.

The discovery threw the town into a

furor. People associated numerous petty thefts and depredations which have lately occurred in the vicinity with these mysterious borings.

On several nights mysterious signals have been heard by different people. A peculiar whistle would be heard in one part of town, and it would be answered from another direction. These signals have invariably been followed by some depredation.

Another theory is that "Jack the Peeper" made the holes. Montville has been afflicted by one of these pests for a long time.

A prominent citizen was caught in the act a few months ago, and he had a bullet extracted from his arm later.

About the time the holes were discovered Robert E. Phillips, whose house was bored in two places, had a three-eighths-inch bit lengthened to about twelve or thirteen inches by a blacksmith named Dave Pickett. When Phillips was asked why he had this bit made so long he said he wanted to bore a hole through the frame of his grindstone. Phillips shows the bit and the grindstone to curious inquirers.

Phillips has been working harder than any one else to ferret out the mystery, and says he will have a Siberian bloodhound here in a few days. An agent of a private detective association is now at Montville, and a special detective from Cleveland has been sent for, which indicates that the town will now "work up" the case in true metropolitan style.

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What Is True in Christian Science?

BY THE REV. WILLIAM SHORT, M. A.,
Rector of St. Peter's Church, St. Louis.

CHRISTIAN Science has attracted

widespread attention, and induced not a few to leave their own churches to join it, as the newest religion of Jesus Christ.

I began my study of it in a sympathetic spirit, as a learner seeking after truth. Believing as I did, that no movement could take hold of so many intelligent

mininds with the power that Christian Science has unless there was some vital truth at the basis of it, I endeavored to approach the subject with an open mind, in order to ascertain what truth there was in it.

The first thing that confronts one in studying what is known as Christian Science is the fact that the spirit of discord has already entered into its ranks and divided the followers of Mrs. Eddy into a number of opposing sects. Some of these manifest their religious zeal by calling the others heretics, and disfellowship all who refuse to pronounce their own peculiar and distinctive subilotheas.

In addition to this the founder of Christian Science has gone into the souvenir

Now the ordinary mind is quite justified in regarding this as a shrewd bit of business, under the garb of piety, and it does seem as if the dollars in it stick out very large in "Mother" Eddy's spirituality. It is on a par with the doings of a certain Christian Science doctor in Chicago, who is said to use his sermons as a part of his advertisements, with expressions on one page such as "Christ has come to His people," "He hath clothed His Church with the gifts of healing," "He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor"; and on a following page, "Terms will be forwarded on application," "Hot and cold water and porcelain baths in nearly all rooms," "All the comforts of a first-class hotel."

The only new thing about Christian Science is the false metaphysical theory on which it is based, which is opposed both to reason and to common sense, and is dangerous because false. The power of healing is not new and is partly true. It is a power which was undoubtedly exercised in the primitive church, and there has been no age since in which occasional instances

of it cannot be found. The root principle of this healing is the same, whether attributed to the bones of saints and martyrs, to the virtue of sacred relics, the odic force, to magnetism or spiritualism, faith cure, hypnotism or to Christian Science. Of course, Christian Science repudiates this thought, but it is a fact nevertheless, and can be substantiated.

The philosophy of Christian Science is a denial of every sound principle of reasoning that the world has known. The Christian Scientist rejects all science except his own. He constructs a world after arbitrary principles of his own, which his own experience tells him is false.

He tries to make himself believe that there is no such thing as matter, and yet he eats and drinks and lives like other people, with this self-deception at his heart. Now, whatever may be the immediate effects of this cultivation of mental delusions, it must lead in the long run to a life of unreason, which will issue in a species of mental insanity.

From "Christian Science, What Is New and What Is True About It."

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THE YOUTH WHO IS NOW THE RICHEST DUKE IN THE WORLD



THE BEWITCHING MISS SHEILA WEST, THE YOUNG DUKE OF WESTMINSTER'S EXILED LOVE

EATON HALL, THE PALACE OF THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER



THE OLD DUKE OF WESTMINSTER JUST DEAD

